# THE PORT FOLIO.

## BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] [No. 39.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1804.


## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

### No. 103.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

Though a strong attachment to Independence, has not permitted me to become a member, of the ancient, and honourable Fraternity, of genuine Loungers, yet as I have never been in love with Labor, nor pursued it further than necessity compelled me, I do not consider myself very remote from them, in practice, and still less in theory. Presuming, therefore on your good will to one, who is related though distantly to your family, I beg you, to publish this letter, in order to answer at once a number of importunate friends, who pester me with remonstrances, and reproofs, similar to those, which I am about to mention.

Not long since, an old College-acquaintance, paid me a visit at my farm; our conversation (after briefly remembering old times, and juvenile pranks) turned upon Politics, a topic, on which my friend, who has been deeply engaged in them, expressed himself with great vehemence, and indeed with passion. Finding, that I heard him with little emotion, that I could very calmly light a new segar, and draw a fresh cork, in the midst of his warmest invectives, he discovered much surprize, and more indignation; pretty severely reproved me, for my apathy and indolence, asserted that it was my duty, as a good man, to stand forth in defence of sound principles, both in morals, and politics, which he said, were in imminent danger, of being banished the country, and concluded by telling me, that if Patriotism failed to excite me, yet *ambition*, the parent of virtue, ought to teach me, how shameful it would be, to live unknown, and die unlamented.—As this was not the first time, I had been thus taken to task, I answered him at some length—that I was neither Rinaldo, slumbering in the gardens of Armida, nor Hercules in the chamber of Omphale—that if indeed, I could alone discomfit the Fiends and Demons, who inchant, and pollute our land, or possessed strength to brain the monsters who infest it; I would burst the shackles of sloth, however, strongly rivetted. That I had not the extravagant vanity, to suppose myself competent to an enterprize, in which men, infinitely my superiors, had failed—that I was only a plain honest farmer, with no other advantage than a tolerable education, and desirous to steal through the 'cool sequestered vale of life' with as much ease, and as little noise as possible; that it would be as rational, to preach tenderness to the hyaena, or gentleness to the wildcat, as humanity, truth, and reason to a Jacobin. That I had seen a maxim in a Law-book, which I thought a good one, '*ad vana aut impossibilia non cogit lex*' and that I deemed myself discharged from the duty, by the impossibility of performing it. With respect, said I, to the gratification of self-interest, in the pursuits of ambition, I have reasoned myself into a belief, on that subject, very congenial with my disposition; that all is vanity under the sun. I find myself at present, very comfortably situated, and why should I wish to change? My farm, supplies me with all the necessaries, and many of the comforts of life. I can afford to open a bottle of wine, on those rare occasions, like the present, when a friend honours me with a call, and we talk over the tale of other times, and renew the memory of joys, that are past. I find leisure on Sunday, to sit, or slumber *sub antiqua ilice*, and there I peruse the Port Folio, and indulge in a luxury which Horace never knew, and which I fear the gallant Mr. Saunter will not approve, a pipe of good tobacco. Shall I then abandon these comforts, to follow the will O wisp ambition? For what purpose? To gain either power or fame. As to the first, to a man of my sentiments, and in a government like ours, it is unattainable. I who may truly say, *odi profanum vulgus*, and who entertain a sovereign contempt for the *civium ardor prava jubentium* shall I have the folly, to hope for the applauses, or the votes of the rabble—it would be as wise to attempt climbing a thorn locust. But suppose all difficulties vanquished, and that the mob who are every thing by turns, and nothing long, should in one of their vagaries raise me to office. Have we not seen the best men, in the most elevated posts, resemble criminals on a high pillory, whom every blackguard, pick-pocket, democrat and negro, was premitted, nay, invited and even hired, to revile, and insult, and pelt with rotten eggs.

And if power be to an honest man, and in the present times neither attainable, nor worth the having, still less is fame. In what consists this meteor? It is the opinion of the world, and so often governed by caprice, prejudice and passion, that no man by deserving can be sure of receiving it, nay, he must expect to meet with obloquy, and clamorous reproach, till envy shall be appeased by his death. Of all men, you my friend, will be the last to believe the people infallible.—The observation of every day, as well as every volume of History, gives the lie to this maxim, at once impious and absurd. Vox populi vox dei. The people are as liable to error, in the choice of their favourites, as in any thing else. If by a rare concurrence of fortunate circumstances, a few great men, have during their lives, obtained the merited meed of fame, how many have on the contrary, been loaded with the reproaches, and the hatred of their countrymen. During the most glorious period of the Grecian Annals, it is scarcely possible to find three great men, who escaped the censures of their fellow-citizens, while a hundred were punished for their virtues, by exile, imprisonment, or death. But you will tell me, that posterity has reversed the decisions of their ungrateful contemporaries, and done ample justice to their desert. You will urge me, to extend my views to distant ages, to erect for myself a monument in the temple of futurity, and to make 'the times to come my own.' But are you sure that even posthumous fame is always just. The opinion of posterity, may be less warped by prejudice, but it must necessarily be founded on testimony, and often on the testimony of interested witnesses. Have we not great reason to believe that the Carthaginian Heroes, have been cruelly misrepresented by the Roman Historians, and do we not know of many similar instances, in more modern times? When violent factions long prevail, errors, prejudices, and falshoods are likewise of long duration; they outlive the means of detection; their stains penetrate and discolour every page of History, and become at length indelible. At any rate, glory like those who confer it, is mortal, and must have an end, and whether my name be forgotten in fifty or five thousand years, is a matter of but little importance. Even admitting that posthumous fame will always follow virtuous action, is it of any real service to him, who has acquired it? Can he, whose whole sublunary existence, is nothing but lifeless bones and ashes, receive pleasure or profit from sublunary praise?

> Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
> Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Is it worth my while, to sustain toil and trouble, and vexation, and a life of disquietude, and care, in order that those, who come after me, may repeat eulogies, which I shall never hear, and raise monuments which I shall never see? Will posthumous renown, be a thing of which I shall have any knowledge, or from which I can derive any advantage? If it be not, can there be wisdom in making it a motive of action? There is however, one species of fame of which I think, a wise man ought to be desirous, and which is liable to none of the objections, I have enumerated. To most men, I would be unwilling to mention it, because in the present enlightened Age of Reason, I should expect to be answered with ridicule, but to you my friend, whose opinions on this subject, at least are not dissimilar from mine, I will not be ashamed to say, that the future glory, promised by the Christian system, is alone worthy a rational ambition. It consists not of the approbation of weak and often wicked men, but in that of the wisest, and purest of Beings; it is neither erroneous, nor uncertain, nor of limited extent, and duration, nor is it incapable of being enjoyed. But it will be conferred by the Omnipotent himself, in the presence of an assembled, and applauding Universe; it will be bounded only by space; it will endure, when time shall be no more; and will confer the possession of exquisite happiness, through all the countless ages of Eternity.

Such Mr. Saunter, were the arguments I opposed, to the reproaches of my friend. Though they did not convince, yet they silenced him, and delivered me from his importunities. Encouraged by this success, I have flattered myself, that they may produce a similar effect, on my

other monitors, and therefore as I have stated above, I request you to publish them.

I am, &c.

RUSTICUS.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

At a time when the dangers of the republic took up all the time and engaged all the thoughts of Cicero; when, after having forced Cataline to fly from Rome, he observed all the steps of the conspirators, and sought to possess himself with the proofs of their crimes, he undertook in the tribunals a most important affair, the success of which interested at once his friendship, his eloquence, and his policy. One would find it difficult to conceive how, with him, the cares of the administration left room for the contentions of the bar: how among so great fatigues, which scarcely allowed him a few hours for sleep, the consul had still leisure to be an advocate, and to compose a pleading, as well laboured as that of which I am about to speak; if we did not know what prodigious facility, in study and in business, he possessed from nature and from habit, and what a man may do who is accustomed to make a continual use of his time and of his genius. Moreover, the first of all interests in the estimation of Cicero, that of the state, summoned him to the defence of Licinius Murena, designated consul for the following year, but then accused of intrigue, and who by a juridical condemnation, might lose the dignity he had obtained. He was a citizen full of honour and courage, who had served with the greatest distinction, under Lucullus, and was greatly attached to Cicero and his country. Amidst the troubles and disorders of the public affairs, it was of the last importance that the good cause should not lose such a support, that Murena should enter on his office at the day prefixed, and that they should not be exposed to the dangers of a new election. The circumstances rendered the defence difficult and delicate. Cicero himself, at the request of all the honest men, disgusted at the corruption which reigned in elections, had carried a law against bribery, more severe than any before it. Murena had for his accuser one of his competitors for the consulate, Sulpicius, a renowned lawyer, and also esteemed among the friends of Cicero. But that which gave to the accusation the most weight, it was supported by a man whose character was generally respected, Cato, who at the same time was near obtaining the tribunate. Zealous to make an example, he had publicly said, that the year should not pass away before he had accused one of consular rank. We may believe that the excess of his zeal had infused a portion of precipitation and of ill humour in his pursuits; for, by the relation of historians, Murena, without being absolutely irreproachable, was not within the meaning of the law, and had not permitted himself to proceed farther than that kind of solicitation which had been customary, and which the fairest character blushed not to employ. They could not impute to him any formal transgression, and this was not the example which ought to have been chosen; accordingly he was absolved by all the suffrages. We have heard the Roman orator thunder against Verres and Cataline, with all the vehemence, all the pathos, all the energy of eloquence, animated by virtue and patriotism. We shall soon see his talents and his style, accommodating themselves to a very different tone. We pass, here, from the sublime to the simple, and we shall see how ably he seizes all the characters, suitable to this kind of oratorical composition, the art of discussion, the choice of examples, the turns of pleasantry, finesse, delicacy, and even gaiety, such at least as the nature of his cause would admit.

Cicero, after having established in his exordium, equally noble and interesting, the relations and connexions which attached him to Murena, after having refuted the imputations of Sulpicius, proceeds thus:

"It is time to proceed to the great support of our adversaries, to him whom we may consider as the wall of defence around our accusers, to Cato; and whatever gravity, whatever interest is engaged by him in this cause, I dread much more, I confess, his influence than his reasons. I shall request, in the first place, that the personal dignity of Cato, his approaching hopes of the tribunate, and the glory of his life may not be converted into arms against us, and that the advantages which he has received to be useful to all, may not serve for the ruin of an individual. Scipio, the African, had been twice consul, had overthrown Carthage and Numantium, the two terrors of this empire, when he accused Lucius Cotta: He had in his favour great eloquence, a great reputation for probity and integrity, an authority such as a man ought to have, to whom the Roman people owed their own. I have often heard it said by our old men, that nothing had served Cotta so much with his judges, as this pre-eminence of Scipio. Those men were so wise that they would not suffer a citizen to be overborne in the tribunals in such a manner as to leave a suspicion that he had been oppressed by the excessive preponderance of his accuser. Do we not also know, Cato, that the judgment of the Roman people saved Sergius Galba from the pursuits of one of your ancestors, a citizen of great courage and high consideration, but who seemed to be too zealously determined on the ruin of his adversary. Always, in this city, the people in a body, and particularly those enlightened judges who look into futurity, have resisted the too great power of those who have accused. I wish not to see an accuser discover in the tribunals a superiority too decided, too much power, too much credit: employ all these advantages for the safety of the innocent, for the support of the feeble, for the defence of the unfortunate; but never for the danger and ruin of the citizens. Let no man then come here to say, that Cato, in presenting himself against Murena, has judged his cause. It would be to establish an unjust principle, and to place the accused in a condition too hard and too unfortunate, if the opinion of their accuser were regarded as their sentence. For myself, Cato, the singular esteem which I have of your virtue, does not permit me to blame your conduct and proceedings on this occasion; but perhaps I may find something in them which deserves to be reformed. You commit no faults, and we cannot say of you, that you ought to be corrected; but only that there is something in you which might be softened and moderated. Nature herself has formed you for honesty, gravity, temperance, justice, firmness of soul. She has made you great in all the virtues: but you have added to them certain principles of philosophy, in which our wishes for more moderation, more softness, which are in fine, to say what I think of them, more severe and rigorous, than nature and truth will warrant: and since I speak not here before an ignorant multitude, you will permit me, judges, a few reflections upon that kind of philosophical studies, which in itself is no stranger to your taste or my own.

"Know, then, that all which we see in Cato, which is excellent, which is divine, is of himself, belongs properly to him; on the contrary, that which leaves something to be desired is not of himself, but of the master whom he has chosen, of the sect he has embraced. There was among the Greeks a man of great understanding, Zeno, whose followers called themselves Stoics. I will present you with a few of his principles: That the wise man has no regard to any title of favour whatever; that he never pardons any fault; that compassion and indulgence are nothing but levity and folly; that it is not compatible with the dignity of human nature, for a man to suffer himself to be touched, moved or softened; that the wise man, even if he is an hypocrite and a counterfeit, is the most beautiful of men, and the most rich, even while he is begging for charity; that he is a king even in slavery, and that all of us, who are not wise men, are but slaves and fools; that all faults are equal; that every offence is a crime; that he who kills a chicken, when he has not a right, is as guilty as he who strangles his father; that the wise man never repents, is never deceived, and never changes his opinions.

"Such are the maxims, which Cato, whose understanding and information you know very well, has drawn from very learned authors, and which he has appropriated to himself, not indeed like many others, to make them subjects of controversy, but to make them the rules of his life. The farmers of the republic petitioned for a little delay: have a care, said Cato: grant no favours. Unfortunate persons request some relief. It is a crime to listen to compassion. A man acknowledges that he has committed a fault, and asks forgiveness—It is to render ourselves guilty of the offence to pardon it.—But the fault is but light—All faults are equal.—Have you said any thing without reflection—it is not permitted you to retract it. But I was drawn away by the general opinion. The wise man knows nothing but certainty, and has no regard to opinion. Have you been involuntarily deceived concerning a fact—It is not an error, it is a lie and a calumny. From all this proceeds a conduct perfectly conformable to this doctrine. Why is Cato here as an accuser? It is because he said in senate that he would accuse one of consular dignity. But you said it in anger. The wise man is never angry. But it was a word, escaped of a sudden, which engages you to nothing. The wise man cannot, without shame, change a resolution—he cannot, without a crime, allow himself to be softened: all compassion is weakness: all indulgence a sin."

"And I also, in my early youth, distrusting my own information, have searched, like Cato, for that of the philosophers; but the masters whom I have followed, Plato and Aristotle, have principles. Their disciples, men regular in their opinions, think that even the wise man may allow something to circumstances and particular considerations; that the good man may give way to pity; that there are gradations of crimes and of punishments; that virtue and firmness may grant favours; and that the wise man himself may sometimes be drawn away by opinion, transported with anger, touched by compassion; that he may without shame, retract what he has said, and change his opinion if he finds a better; that, finally, all the virtues have limits, and ought to avoid excess.

"If, with the character you have, Cato, chance had directed you to the same authors with me, you would not have been more of a good man, more courageous, more temperate, more just; this could not be; but you would have been a little more inclined to tenderness; you would not have gratuitously rendered yourself the aggressor, and the enemy of a man full of modesty in his manners, full of honour and greatness in his sentiments. You would have considered, that

fortune having brought you both forward at the same time, for the care of the republic, him as consul and you as tribune, there ought to be between you, a sort of patriotic connexion. You would have suppressed, you would have forgotten, what you had said in the senate, with too much violence, or you would have drawn from your words a consequence less rigorous. Believe me, you are at present in all the fire of your age, in all the ardor of your character, in all the enthusiasm of the doctrines you have adopted; but time, practice, experience, must undoubtedly calm, moderate, and soften you. In fact, those legislators of virtue, those preceptors whom you have followed, have carried, in my opinion, the duties of men beyond the bounds of nature. We may, in speculation, proceed as far as we please; elevate ourselves to the stars; but in practice, in reality, there are limits at which we must stop. Pardon nothing, they say. But I answer pardon, by all means, when there is room for indulgence. Give no attention to any personal considerations. And I say we ought to have no regard to them, farther than duty and equity allow. Suffer not yourselves to be touched with compassion—Never, indeed, to such a degree as to enfeeble the authority of the laws, but always, as far as humanity, the first law of all, prescribes. Be inflexible in your sentiments. Aye, if none better are proposed or occur to you. Thus spoke the great Scipio, who had like you, Cato, the reputation of a man of great information, of a man almost divine in his domestic discipline; but whom, the philosophy of which he made profession, drawn from the same sources with yours, had not rendered more severe than a man ought to be, and who, on the contrary, has always past for the mildest of all men. Lælius had taken the same lessons, and who ever had more softness of manners, or rendered wisdom more amiable? I might say as much of Galius, of Philip; but I choose rather to take examples from your own house. Who of us have not heard of Cato the Censor, one of your most illustrious ancestors? And who ever was more measured in his conduct and in his principles: more tractable, more easy in the commerce of life? When you praised him in your pleading with equal justice and dignity, you quoted him as a domestic model, whom you proposed to imitate. The ties of blood, the relations of character, give you a better right, it is true, than any of us; but nevertheless, I regard him as an example for me, as well as for yourself; and if you could also, to your natural severity, unite a little of his facility and softness, all the qualities you possess would not indeed be the better, but would become more amiable.

"Thus, to return to what I said at first, the name of Cato ought to be separated from this cause: his authority ought to be of no weight in a legal investigation, or at least to have no influence but in doing good: Attack us by facts. What would you have, Cato? What do you demand? Upon what is your accusation supported? You rise up against intrigue. I defend it not. You reproach me with justifying in the tribunals, what I have proscribed by my laws; I have proscribed intrigue, and I defend innocence. Accuse nothing but crimes and I join you. Prove that Murena has committed them, and I will acknowledge that my own laws condemn him."

[*To be continued.*]

## ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Translated from the French.]

[*Continued from No. 37.*]

### COMEDY.

Let us proceed to the subject of belles-lettres, which will form one of the principal articles of your journal. It is your purpose to devote much attention to dramatic productions. This project is the more reasonable, as our theatre is more chaste, and is become a school of morality. You will undoubtedly avoid the example of some periodical writers, who endeavour to depreciate all their contemporaries, and to depress the arts, of which a good journalist ought to be the champion. To Molière the preference is justly due, over all comic writers, of every age, and of every country; but let not this preference be exclusive. Imitate the wise Italians, who place Raphaël in the first rank, but refuse not their admiration to Paul Veronèse, Carrachi, Corregio, Dominicain, &c. Molière is first; but it would be unjust and ridiculous, to deny to *le Joueur* rank with his best productions. It is worthy only of a man devoid of justice and of taste, to refuse his esteem to *les Menechme*, and not to be highly delighted with *le Legataire universel*. He, who is not pleased with Regnard, is not worthy to be an admirer of Molière.

Have the courage to avow, that many of our minor pieces, such as, *le Grondeur*, *le galant Jardinier*, *la Pupille*, &c. are superior to the greater portion of the minor pieces of Molière; I say superior, in delicate delineation of character, in wit, which abounds in most of them, and even in refined and chastened pleasantry.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of the infinite variety of modern pieces, nor, by applauding a few authors, to whom, perhaps, even that applause would be unsatisfactory, to offend a great number of persons; but, when such works, as *le Prejuge a la mode*, replete with correct delineations of character and manners, and possessing high interest, shall be given to the world; when Frenchmen shall be so fortunate, as to receive presents of such intrinsic worth as *le Glorieux*, let me intreat you, not to diminish their success, under the pretence, that they are not comedies in the style of Molière. Avoid that despicable perverseness, which flows from envy; seek not to proscribe the tender, melting scenes, which are found in these works: for, when a comedy, besides its appropriate merit, possesses that also, of exciting interest; we must be in a very surly mood, to be angry, because an additional pleasure is afforded to the public.

I dare to assert, that, if the excellent pieces of Molière possessed a little more interest, their representation would command more general attention; *le Misanthrope* would not only secure our esteem, but attract crowded audiences. Comedy should not degenerate into insipid, whining tragedy: the art of extending its limits, without confounding them with those of tragedy, is a great art, which merits encouragement, and which it is disgraceful to destroy. To give a finished sketch of a dramatic production, is also a great art. I have always estimated the genius of young men, according to the detail which they gave of a new piece, whose representation they had just witnessed; and I have remarked, that at all those, who best acquitted themselves, were those, who have since acquired the highest reputation in their professions. So true is it, generally, that the spirit of business, and the genuine spirit of the belles-lettres, are the same.

To expose in terms perspicuous, and elegant, a subject, which is sometimes confused; and, without attending to the distribution of the acts, to illustrate the intrigue and the dénouement, to narrate them as an interesting history, to draw the characters at a single stroke, to mention those circumstances, in which more or less of probability, or of dexterity, was apparent; to retain the most happy verses, instantly to perceive the general merit, or to detect the general defects of style; all this I have sometimes seen achieved, but it is a rare achievement, even among men of letters, who devote their attention particularly to it: for, to certain minds it is more facile, to pursue the train of their own ideas, than to give an account of the ideas of others.

### TRAGEDY.

My observations on tragedy, will vary but little from those which I have made on comedy. You know what glory this illustrious art has shed upon France: an art more difficult than comedy, and superior to it, because, to compose a fine tragedy, the author must possess the genuine spirit of poetry; but comedy requires only some talents of versification.

You, who so well understand Sophocles, and Euripides, will not seek a vain recompense for the labour which it has cost you, to acquire a knowledge of them, in the contemptible pleasure of preferring them, in violation of your sentiments, to our great French authors. Recollect, Sir, that, when I challenged you, to shew me, in the tragic authors of antiquity, fragments comparable to certain traits even in the inferior pieces of P. Corneille, you acknowledged, that it was impossible. These traits of which I speak, were, for instance, the following verses of the tragedy of *Nicomede*. 'I will,' says Prusias.*

Ecouter à la fois l'amour & la nature,
Etre père & mari dans cette conjoncture.

*Nicomede.*

Seigneur, voulez-vous bien vous en fier à moi?
Ne soyez l'un ni l'autre.

*Prusias.*

Eh! que dois-je etre!

*Nicomede.*

Roi.
Reprenez hautement ce noble caractère.
Un veritable Roi n'est ni mari, ni père:
Il regarde son trône, & rien de plus. Regnez;
Rome vous craindra plus que vous ne la craignez. †

You will not infer, that the last pieces of this father of the theatre are perfect, because they emit such brilliant coruscations: join with the public, in acknowledging their extreme imbecility.

*Agesilaus* and *Surena* cannot diminish the honour which *Cinna* and *Polyeucte* confer upon France. M. de Fontenelle, nephew of the great Corneille, says, in the life of his uncle, that, if the proverb, '*as beautiful as the Cid*,' was too soon forgotten, it is attributable to authors, who were interested in its suppression. No, it was as impossible for authors, to effect the suppression of the proverb, as to effect that of the Cid. Corneille himself abolished it; it is attributable to Cinna. Say not with the Abbe *de Sainte-Pierre*, that fifty years hence the pieces of Racine will no longer be represented on the theatre. I pity our children, if they relish not these master-pieces of elegance. How must their hearts be formed, if Racine cease to interest them?

It is probable, that the works of the celebrated authors of the age of Louis XIV. will exist as long as the French language. But discourage not their successors, by assuring them, that the career is replete, and that there is no room. Corneille is delective in interest; Racine is often not sufficiently tragical. The authors of *Venceslas*, of *Radamiste*, and of *Electre*, with their great defects, possess

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* 'I will,' says Prusias,
Listen at once to nature and to love,
In this conjuncture be, father and husband.

*Nicomedes.*

May I, my Lord, presume counsel to give?
Neither a husband, nor a father be.

*Prusias.*

Ah! what then should I be?

*Nicomedes.*

A King. Resume,
Nobly resume that splendid character.
A genuine monarch neither father is,
Nor husband. In his throne, his soul is centred.
Reign; and strike terror into haughty Rome.

† *Nicomède*, Tragedie, Acte IV. Scène III.

peculiar beauties, in which these two great men are deficient; and it is presumable that these three pieces will always remain on the French theatre, since they have maintained their pre-eminence, although performed by different actors, for this is the proper test of a tragedy. What shall I say of Manlius, a piece worthy of Corneille, and of the fine character of *Ariane*, and of the high interest which predominates in *Amasis?* I will not speak of the tragedies written during the last twenty years: as I have composed some of them, it belongs not to me to appreciate the merit of contemporaries superior to myself; and, in regard of my dramatic works, I can only say, and request you to inform your readers, that I correct them daily.

But, when a new piece shall appear, say not with the odious author of the *Observations*, and of so many other pamphlets: *the piece is excellent*, or, *it is miserable;* or, *such an act is impertinent, such a part is despicable.* Support your opinion by substantial proofs, and let the public pronounce. Be assured, the decree will be against you, whenever you shall decide without proof, even should that decision be correct; for it is not your judgment that is required, but the report of a case, on which the public is to decide.

What will give peculiar value to your journal, is the care which you shall take, to draw comparisons between novel pieces and those of foreign countries, which may be founded on the same subject. In the last century, this point was neglected in the disquisition on the Cid: only a few verses of the Spanish original were cited; the situations ought to have been compared. Suppose, that the *Manlius* of *la Fosse*, were now presented to us, for the first time; it would be a high gratification to your readers to have the English tragedy, of which it is an imitation, exhibited to their view. Does an instructive work appear relative to the pieces of the illustrious Racine? Combat the erroneous opinion, which is generally entertained, that the English have not permitted the subject of Phedra to be introduced on their theatre. Inform your readers, that the Phedra of *Smith* is one of the finest pieces of which London can boast. Inform them, that the author has closely imitated Racine, even in the amour of Hippolytus; that he has blended the intrigue of Phedra with that of Bajazet, and that still he boasts of having drawn every thing from Euripides. I think that your readers would be charmed with a comparison of some scenes of the Grecian, the Latin, the French, and the English Phedra. Thus, in my opinion, would temperate and sound criticism perfectionate the taste of the French, and perhaps Europe. But what piece of sound criticism has been produced since that of the French academy on the *Cid?* and even that is almost as incomplete, as the *Cid* itself.

## *FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## CRITICISM

[*From the Edinburgh Review.*]

The public are indebted to Mr. Godwin for the recovery of Chaucer's evidence in a question about bearing arms, occurring betwixt Scrope and Grosvenor;* but the manner in which it is narrated, is a good illustration of the strained inferences concerning Chaucer's temper and disposition, deduced by his biographer from the most common and trivial occurrences.

'Chaucer was a man of a frank and easy temper, undeformed by haughtiness and reserve, and readily entering into a certain degree of social intercourse on trivial occasions. This particular is strongly confirmed to us by the curious record of his testimony, in the cause of arms between Scrope and Grosvenor. He describes himself as walking in Friday Street, in the city of London, and observing there the arms he had seen always borne by the family of Scrope hung out as a sign. This inconsiderable circumstance immediately excites an interest in the patriarch of the English language, and English poetry. The Scropes were his friends. He accosts a stranger, whom he perceives accidentally standing by, and asks, 'What inn is that which I observe has hung out the arms of Scrope for its sign?'—'Nay,' replied the other, 'it is no inn, nor are these the arms of Scrope; they are the shield of a Cheshire family of the name of Grosvenor.' In Chaucer, the thus addressing himself to a person unknown, is no evidence of a vulgar, indelicate, and undiscriminating mind. It shews that he was a character, not fastidious enough to refuse to interest itself in trifles, and frank, even and affable in his intercourse with mankind.' Vol. ii. p. 569.

And all this is to be inferred from a question asked of a passenger, the fruit probably of momentary curiosity. This mode of drawing characters ought to supersede that of the ingenious Frenchman, who describes them accurately from seeing the party's hand-writing.

While Mr. Godwin was thus poring upon a millstone, and proclaiming his discoveries to the world, we are surprised that he has omitted the famous tradition, that Chaucer, while in the Temple, was fined two shillings 'for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street.' (See *Fuller* and *Speght.*) This circumstance, with a proper allowance of *possibilities*, would have gone some length in eking out a third quarto. For, in the first place, it is naturally connected with the history of Fleet Street, and Fleet Ditch, and the Fleet Prison, and of Fleta the law-book, and of the Fleet or Royal Navy, with some account of which (so naturally bearing upon the life of Chaucer) the reader must no doubt have been highly gratified. Secondly, the circumstance of the fine would have happily introduced a history of the silver coinage, with an abbreviate of the Temple records, from the earliest period to the present day; and the political justice of fine and imprisonment might have been discussed in a separate chapter. Thirdly, the mention of the Franciscan, would have paved the way with great propriety for a history of the mendicant orders, and have saved Mr. Godwin the trouble and disgrace of foisting it in elsewhere, upon a much more flimsy pretext. (vol. ii. p. 20.) But, above all, the cause of the scuffle, and the drubbing itself, would have led to many a learned dissertation. It is probable that one or both parties were in liquor. If so, when, how, or with what liquor did they become intoxicated? Was it with wine of Ape, or of Chepe; with Malverie, or with Hippocras? Was it together or separately? And can any light be thrown upon the combat, from the similar affray betwixt justice Shallow when an Inn's of court man, and Samson Stockfish the fruiterer? Again, it is probable that the quarrel originated in some theological dispute,—and the vast and thorny field of controversy might have been accurately surveyed, to enable the reader to fix upon the precise spot occupied by the disputants. Perhaps Chaucer offended the friar by the freedom of his conversation,—and why not insert all the jocose and satirical passages of the Canterbury Tales? To illustrate the nature of the beating, Mr. Godwin might have described—

——'Your *souse*, your *wherit* and your *dowst*,
*Tugs* on the hair, your *bob* o'the lips, your *thump*,
——your *kick*, the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stamped
Upon the hinder quarters of a man,—
With all your blows and blow-men whatsoever,
Set in their lively colours, givers and takers.'

All which knowledge is unfortunately lost to the world, perhaps through the ill-considered interference of Mr. Phillips the publisher.

Some particular passages of the life, are less fancifully and more correctly delineated. Mr. Godwin combats, and in our opinion successfully, the opinion of those who deny the honourable claim of Thomas Chaucer, to call the poet father: and he has vindicated the relation, which the Dreme of Chaucer unquestionably bears to the History of John of Gaunt.

The critical dissertations upon Troilus and Creseide, and Chaucer's other poems, have considerable merit. They are the production of a man who has read poetry with taste and feeling; and we wish sincerely, that instead of the strange farrago which he calls the life of Chaucer, he had given us a correct edition of the miscellaneous poetry of the author, upon the same plan with Mr. Tyrwhitt's admirable Canterbury Tales. It is true, that we could not have expected from Mr. Godwin, either the extensive learning or the accuracy of illustration which Mr. Tyrwhitt has displayed. But, as already noticed, his critical disquisitions have occasional merit; and he might have pleaded the ancient prerogative of commentators, for writing in a more rambling and diffusive style than is consistent with the dignity of history or biography. Mr. Godwin is sometimes rather hasty in his critical conclusions. He exclaims against Chaucer, for 'polluting the portrait of (Creseide's) virgin character in the beginning of the poem, with so low and pitiful a joke as this—

'But whether that she children had or none,
I rede it not, therefore I let it gone.' vol. i. p. 305.

If Mr. Godwin had perused the poem attentively, he would have seen that no joke was intended, and that Creseide was no maiden, but in fact a young widow.

'And as a widowe was she and alone.'
. . . . . .

And again, when invited by Pandarus to do honour to May,

'Eighe! God forbid, quod she, what! be ye mad?
Is that a *widowe's* life, so God you save?
Pardy you makin me right fore adrad;
Ye bene so wilde, it semith as ye rave.
It sate me wele better, aie in a cave
To bide, and rede on holy saintis lives:
Let *maidins gon to dance and young wives*,'

We were much surprised to find, that the Canterbury Tales, the most important, as well as the most exquisite of Chaucer's productions, have attracted so little of Mr. Godwin's attention. He might have displayed, in commenting upon poems as varied in subject as in beauty, his whole knowledge of the manners of the middle ages, were it ten times more extensive. But Mr. Godwin, beginning probably to write before he had considered either the nature of his subject, or the probable length of his work, had exhausted both his limits and materials ere he came to the topic upon which he ought principally to have dwelt. The characters, therefore, of the several pilgrims, so exquisitely described, that each individual passes before the eyes of the reader, and so admirably contrasted with each other; their conversation and manners, the gallantry of the Knight and Squire, the affected *sentimentality* of the Abbess, the humour of mine Host, and the Wife of Bath; the pride of the Monk, the humility of the Parson, the learning and poverty of the Scholar, with the rude but comic portraits of the inferior characters, are, in the history of the life and age of Chaucer, of which they form a living picture, passed over in profound silence, or with very slight notice. The truth is, Mr. Godwin's speed and strength were expended before he came within sight of the goal, and he saw himself compelled with a faint apology to abandon that part of his subject which must have been universally interesting. The few remarks which he has made upon the Canterbury Tales, induce us to believe that he has

* We hold this to be the only circumstance of importance, which Mr. Godwin's researches have brought to light; and so far our thanks are due to him.

seen and regretted his error; but it is a poor excuse, after writing a huge book, to tell the reader that it is but 'superficial work,' because the author 'came a novice to such an undertaking.' (See Preface.) It is the duty of an editor, to collect and arrange his materials before he begins to print his work; nor will the public be satisfied with an apology, which ought either to have deterred him from the undertaking entirely, or at least to have retarded the execution of it, till study and labour had supplied the defects of superficial information. As Mr. Godwin is unquestionably a man of strong parts, we by no means discourage him from applying himself to illustrate the history of his country, but we would advise him in future, to read *before* he writes, and not *merely* while he is writing.

The history of 'Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,' occupies a considerable portion of these volumes. He is styled in the title page, Chaucer's near 'friend and kinsman;' an abuse of words, if, as we conceive, *kinsman* can only be correctly used to express a blood relation. John of Gaunt was undoubtedly Chaucer's patron, and ultimately stood in a certain degree of affinity to him, by marrying his concubine, a sister of the poet's wife; but this connection could not give to the bard a portion of the blood of the Plantagenets, or render him in any sense the kinsman of the duke of Lancaster. In the historical part of his work, Mr. Godwin has proposed to himself a splendid plan. Antiquities had, in his opinion, hitherto been the province of

—'men of cold tempers, and sterile imaginations,' whose works are compiled 'with such narrow views, so total an absence of discrimination, and such an unsuspecting ignorance of the materials of which man is made, that the perusal of them tends for the most part to stupify the sense, and to imbue the soul with moping and lifeless dejection. It was my wish, had my power held equal pace with my strong inclination, to carry the workings of fancy and the spirit of philosophy into the investigation of ages past. I was anxious to rescue, for a moment, the illustrious dead from the jaws of the grave, to make them pass in review before me, to question their spirits, and record their answers. I wished to make myself their master of ceremonies, to introduce my reader to their familiar speech, and to enable him to feel, for the instant, as if he had lived with Chaucer.' Preface, x.

This is well proposed, and expressed with that dignified contempt of his predecessors' labours, which especially becomes an author at the moment when he is about to avail himself of the information they afford him. But it is one thing to call spirits from the vasty deep, and another to compel their obedience to the invocation. When we expected to see the heroes of Cressy and Poitiers stalk past in the rude and antiquated splendor of chivalry, as perchance they might have appeared upon the summons of Warton, Ellis, or some such *cold-tempered, sterile-minded antiquary*, the philosophical phantasmagoria of Mr. Godwin presented us with a very different set of beings. It seems to have been his rule, that if it be difficult to think like our ancestors, it is very easy to make them think like ourselves; and therefore, whatever motives Mr. Godwin himself esteems praiseworthy and laudable, he imputes to his hero John of Gaunt, with all the liberality and contempt for congruity of the worthy squire who equipped his Vandyke portraits with modern periwigs. In this respect, the work reminds us of a particular class of novels, said to be 'founded on real history,' in which the *dramatis personæ* are assumed from the ages of chivalry, but apparelled in the sickly trim of sentiment peculiar to the Grevilles and Julias of Mr. Lane's half-bound duodecimos. Mr. Godwin's dukes and knights hold, in like manner, the language, we had almost said the cant, of his *soi-disant* philosophy; and argue as learnedly of the nature of the human mind, of cause and effect, *and all that*, as if they had occasionally presided at Coachmakers Hall. The duke of Lancaster was unquestionably the wisest prince of his time; yet his honored shade must forgive us, if we deem him incapable of framing the profound and polite oration which he is here supposed to address to Chaucer, upon his being appointed an ambassador. We can only afford room to insert the following grand finale: 'Man is a complex being, and is affected with mixed considerations; and your contemporaries will listen with far different feelings to your beautiful and elevated productions, if they flow from an ambassador and a minister of state, than if you remained obscurely sheltered under your natal roof, in the city in which you were born, or sequestered among the groves and streams which adorn your neighbourhood at Woodstock.' And this *twaddling* stuff is supposed to be spoken *by* John of Gaunt, and *to* Geoffrey Chaucer! And this is carrying 'the workings of fancy,' and 'the spirit of philosophy,' into the investigation of ages past, and 'rescuing the illustrious dead from the jaws of the grave!' Imbued 'with moping and lifeless dejection, and stupified' as we are, after the perusal of two huge quarto volumes of incoherent narrative of trite sentiment, we cannot help feeling, at such absurdity, a momentary impulse of surprise and indignation!

Of the miscellaneous information contained in these volumes, we cannot be expected to treat at length, especially as the greater part of it has nothing to do with the proper subject of the book. It seems to us, that Mr. Godwin, a novice, as he himself informs us, in the study of ancient history, had applied himself to his task with the ardour of a proselyte. Every fact, every peculiar view of manners which occurred in the course of his reading, had to him the charms of novelty; and he was benevolently eager to communicate to others the information which he had just acquired. But, unfortunately, a mind which has newly received a fresh train of ideas, is almost invariably found incapable to abridge or digest them, as no man can draw a map of a country which he traverses for the first time. Upon subjects not familiar to our thoughts, we must be contented to express ourselves with the crude prolixity of the works from which we have derived our information; and our attempts to be copious and distinct, will commonly produce but a string of tedious and ill-combined extracts, instead of a concise and luminous system. Hence the long, dull, and unnecessary details with which Mr. Godwin has favoured us upon every subject which crossed his path. He could but write in proportion as he read, and empty his common-place as fast only as he filled it. A comprehensive view of his subject we cannot possibly find in his writings; for it was at no time wholly before his own eyes. He knew not when or where to stop; and, in fact, was forced, from mere want of room, to abandon his work, half-finished, at the moment it became most interesting.

Some of the dissertations, considered abstractedly, possess considerable merit; and we cannot refuse praise to the industry of Mr. Godwin, who has acquired a great fund of knowledge, however ill arranged, upon subjects to which he was so lately an utter stranger. We have already said, that we would be pleased to see some parts of his book arranged as notes upon Chaucer's poems. We find it impossible 'to pick them in a pile of noisome and musty chaff;' but when they are brought forward in a work arranged upon a better plan, our approbation shall be conferred much more willingly than our present censure. A natural consequence of the hurry with which Mr. Godwin has compiled his work, is the inaccuracy which has occasionally crept in, although less frequently than we could have thought possible. Vere, for example, the favourite of Richard II, is likened to 'Carr, the minion of James I, with these advantages in favour of the former, that he was of an ancient family, and Carr an upstart,' p. 366. This is a mistake. Carr, or Ker, earl of Somerset, was the third son of Sir Thomas Ker of Fairnyhirst, the chief a very ancient and powerful family, now represented by the marquis of Lothian. As he had unfortunely little personal merit, it is hard to deprive him of the advantage of birth, which he really possessed. The universal predominance of the French language in the reign of Edward III, is expressed with rather too much latitude, vol. i. p. 18. Previous to the birth of Chaucer, a remarkable change had begun to take place in this particular. Histories, and long poems of devotion and chivalry, were already translated out of the Romance or French language into English, and these in such numbers, as sufficiently to demonstrate that they were not required for the use of the lower and middle classes alone. We should have been pleased to have seen the authority upon which the romances of *Robert sans peur* and *Robert le diable* are ascribed to Waer, having esteemed these tales of later date than the Roman de Rou. The story of Anlaf the Dane, who is said to have penetrated into king Athelstane's tent, disguised as a minstrel, is rather apocryphal, especially with the miraculous decoration of William of Malmesbury. Mr. Godwin seems to entertain some doubt of John of Gaunt's flight into Scotland, and residence at Holyroodhouse. But no fact can be better attested. Andrew of Winton, a contemporary historian, has dedicated a chapter to show

'Qhwen of Longcastele the Duke,
Refute intil Scotland tuk.' Book IX. c. 4.

He mentions particularly his progress, in which he was attended by Earl William of Douglas, from Berwick to Haddington, and thence to Edinburgh—

'And intil Haly-rwde-hows that Abbay
Thai made him for to take herbry.'

This circumstance, and the more recent asylum afforded to Henry VI. are probably alluded to by Molinet, when he terms that country

'De tous siecles, le mendre
Et le plus tollerant.'

The style of Mr. Godwin's life of Chaucer is, in our apprehension, uncommonly depraved, exhibiting the opposite defects of meanness and of bombast. This is especially evident in those sentimental flourishes with which he has garnished his narrative, and which appear to us to be executed in a most extraordinary taste. In the following simile, for example, we hardly know whether most to admire the elegance and power of conception, or the happy ease and dignity of expression.

'Its slender pillars (the author is treating of the later Gothic architecture) may possess various excellencies, but they are certainly not magnificent; and the shafts by which the pillars are frequently surrounded have an insignificant air, suggesting to us an idea of fragility, and almost reminding us of *the humble vehicle through which an English or German rustic inhales the fumes of the Indian weed*.' Vol. 1. p. 145.

In p. 181, we hear of 'a tune, in which the luxuriance and multiplicity of musical sounds *obscures and tramples with disdain upon the majestic simplicity of words*.' In other places we find the '*technicalities* of justice,'—'the *religious nerve* of the soul of man'—young knights who looked upon the field of Roncesvalles with '*augmented circulation*'—*unforshortened figures*'—an 'ancient baron

*neighboured* to a throne,' and sundry other new and whimsical expressions. But even these conceited barbarisms offend us less than the execrable taste displayed in the following account of Chaucer's early studies.

'He gave himself up to the impressions of nature, and to the sensations he experienced. He studied the writings of his contemporaries, and of certain of the ancients. He was learned according to the learning of his age. He wrote, because he felt himself impelled to write. He analyzed the models which were before him. He sought to please his friends and fellow scholars in the two Universities. He aspired to an extensive and lasting reputation.' Vol i. p. 436.

We have no doubt that Mr. Godwin considers these short sentences, as the true model of a nervous and concise style. For our part, we find the sense so poor and trite, when compared with the pithy and sententious mode of delivery, that we feel in our closet the same shame we have sometimes experienced in the theatre, when a fourth-rate actor has exposed himself by mouthing, slapping his pockets, and, according to stage phrase, *making the most* of a trifling part. We will not pursue this subject any further, although we could produce from these ponderous tomes some notable instances of the mock heroic, and of the tone of false and affected sentiment. Such passages have tempted us to exclaim with Pandarus (dropping only one letter of his ejaculation),

'Alas! alas! so noble a creature
As is a man should *reden* * such ordure!'

Upon the whole, Mr. Godwin's friends have, in one respect, great reason to be satisfied with the progress of his convalescence. We hope and trust, that the favourable symptoms of his case may continue. He is indeed now and then very *low*; or, in other words, uncommonly dull; but there is no apparent return of that fever of the spirits, which alarmed us so much in his original publications. The insurrection of Jack Straw (a very dangerous topic) produces only a faint and moderate aspiration breathed towards the 'sacred doctrines of equality,' which it is admitted are too apt to be 'rashly, superficially, and irreverently acted upon, involving their disciples in the most fearful calamity.' The disgrace of Alice Pierce, or Perrers, the *chere amie* of Edward III, or, as Mr. Godwin delicately terms her, 'the chosen companion of his hours of retirement and leisure,' calls down his resentment against the turbulence and rudeness of the Good Parliament. But less could hardly have been expected from the author of the Memoirs of a late memorable female.

We cannot help remarking that the principles of a modern philosopher continue to alarm the public, after the good man himself has abandoned them, just as the very truest tale will sometimes be distrusted from the habitual falsehood of the narrator. We fear this may have incommoded Mr. Godwin in his antiquarian researches, more than he seems to be aware of. When he complains that private collectors declined 'to part with their treasures for a short time out of their own hands,' did it never occur to Mr. Godwin that the maxims concerning property, contained in his Political Justice, were not altogether calculated to conciliate confidence in the author?

But, upon the whole, the Life of Chaucer, if an uninteresting, is an innocent performance; and were its prolixities and superfluities unsparingly pruned (which would reduce the work to about one-fourth of its present size), we would consider it as an accession of some value to English literature.

* For *dreden*.

## MISCELLANY.

### *ON NEGLECTING THE PRACTICE OF DRINKING HEALTH AT TABLE.*

Tardè Cyathos mihi das; cedò sanè: benè mihi; benè vobis. PLAUTUS.

SIR,

I lately addressed to you a few observations on the omission of grace at table; and I now beg leave to add some remarks on another omission, which fashion seems to recommend, but which is countenanced neither by the examples of the ancients, nor by reason, nor by a sense of propriety. I observed, on my visit to my old friend in London, that the friendly practice of drinking health at dinner was, in most of the fashionable families, very much on the decline, and in many, totally omitted. Indeed the omission arises from a principle which seems very much to prevail in the present age, and which aims at the abolition of all forms and ceremonies, as meaning nothing, and at the same time giving trouble and excluding ease. Forms and ceremonies undoubtedly have their utility, or they would not have been universally retained in every age and nation, which history has recorded. But allowing some forms to be without meaning, I cannot suppose, unless I throw a severer reflection on the friendship and hospitality of modern times than I chuse, that the drinking of health is, without exception, a senseless and empty ceremony. A man of a warm and a friendly heart usually feels a sentiment of cordial kindness, when he holds the cup of refreshment in his hand, and wishes health and happiness to his friends, who are partaking with him, of the same innocent and necessary pleasure.

The custom prevailed among the Greeks, who carried the elegance which they displayed in the polite arts to the table and social circle, assembled to enjoy the pleasures of the palate and of discourse. Homer, indeed, has given the model in the first book of the Iliad, who says of the gods at their feast,

Χρυσείοις δεπάεσσι
Διαδέχατ' ἀλλήλους.

The manner of drinking to each other resembled what is called among us *pledging*. The person who drank to his friend was said προπίνειν, or to drink first. He drank a part of the cup. and then handed the rest to the friend whom he had named. The words which passed on the occasion were προπίνω σοι χαλως, to which the person saluted, λαμβάνω ἀπό σου ηδιως, which may be thus freely translated: I have the honor to drink to you—I pledge you with pleasure.

It was also the custom, after due respect paid to the gods, to drink to absent friends; and, as an emblem of sincerity, it was established as a law never to dilute the wine drunk on this occasion.

I shall not trouble you with various proofs that the custom of drinking health is justified by the example of the politest people of antiquity. It would be easy to collect them from the writers on antiquities; but the instance alledged is sufficient for my purpose, and will serve to confute those, who hint that the custom is unpolite.

There is surely something peculiarly brutal in sitting down to meals without ever thinking of God or man; in neglecting the grace, and omitting the form of wishing health and happiness to those who sit at the same table. We have seen that it is contrary to the practice of antiquity, and of almost all people in the world, who, though they varied in the forms of the table, agreed in the essential points, in giving glory to God on high, and testifying good-will towards men.

Your's, &c.

A RATIONAL FORMALIST.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

### *FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

### CONRAD'S EDITION OF *GOLDSMITH'S CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.*

Having, in a late paper, mentioned, with approbation, the new and improved edition of Goldsmith's essays, published by Mess. Conrads, we are happy to have so early an opportunity, to notice The Citizen of the World, now, for the first time, republished from a correct copy. Perhaps no portion of Goldsmith's works has been more deformed by the errors of typography, and the blunders of ignorance, than The Citizen of the World, as it is found in Parsons's edition. Whole sentences are omitted, paragraphs transposed, and the author's meaning confounded and polluted by every species of depravation. The text, originally printed in haste, in the Public Ledger, was never scrupulously regulated, until the complete edition of Goldsmith's works was undertaken in the year 1803.

These delightful volumes, replete with entertainment, and presenting excellent models of a style, familiar, but not mean, and easy, without negligence, are now published in a neat and commodious style. The Editor recommends these amusing essays to the juvenile American. By studying them with assiduity, he will gradually purify himself from Indian barbarisms, and democratic jargon.

### THE EDINBURG REVIEW.

This elaborate and sprightly Journal, which more than once, we have had reason to commend in no vulgar strain of hackneyed flattery, is, agreeably to information, derived from the Editors themselves, conducted upon a principle of Selection: it takes no notice of insignificant works, but enters very fully into the discussion of those, that seem entitled to attention. Combining in some manner the representative functions of a Review, with the independence of original discussion; comprehending every foreign publication, which an extensive continental correspondence can procure; and distinguished by an impartiality, which no party-zeal has yet pretended to call in question; it lays claim to the support of those, who are not satisfied with the indolent and indiscriminating profusion of other Journals.

The Editors were silent upon these pretensions, till they saw how the public was likely to receive them. Their success has been much beyond their expectation, and, they believe, beyond any former example. In spite of the size of their volume, the remoteness of their situation, and all the disadvantages of inexperience, they were enabled, even in their second number, to equal the circulation of several of the established Journals of the metropolis; and they have been convinced, by the constant increase of the demand, that, to secure the patronage of the public, it is only necessary to deserve it, by a diligent and conscientious discharge of their duty.

In this and the preceding Port Folio, we have copied from this new Journal, a most acute, witty, and well-deserved censure of that enormous excrescence of literature, *Godwin*'s Life of Chaucer.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of the Pleasures of Hope, is writing at London an Allegorical Poem, illustrative of a series of designs, by one of the Princesses. The subject is *Cupid turned Volunteer*.

SOUTHEY is engaged on a History of Portugal.

WALTER SCOTT, editor of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and writer of several spirited Poems, is about to publish a Poetical Romance, called the Lady of the Minstrel.

The Life and Pontificate of LEO the TENTH, is soon to be expected from Mr. ROSCOE, the elegant and learned historian of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

The Rev. Mr. BOWLES is very forward with a new edition of the Works of POPE. Notwithstanding all the various editions of this author, his works yet stand in need of much contemporary illustration.

The Works of Dr. JORTIN are in the press: he was a pious and respectable member of the Church, whose writings are a valuable addition to British Literature.

Mr. MITFORD is about to present to the public an interesting work on the Harmony of Language.

There is also in great forwardness for the press, a new and enlarged edition of that useful work, the General Biographical Dictionary.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Gifford is employed in writing a Life of Buonaparte.

## MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

In the character of Gen. HAMILTON integrity of heart and intellectual ability were combined in a degree singularly remarkable. DRYDEN has pourtrayed such a statesman, and has boldly contrasted the spirit and frankness of a man of real talents and courage, with those loathsome and paltry devices, practiced by such *mountebank* politicians, as affairs are cursed with in every democratic country.

While *emp'ric politicians* use *deceit*,
*Hide* what they give, and *cure but by a cheat*,
He BOLDLY SHEW'D THAT SKILL which *they pretend*,
And work'd by means AS NOBLE AS THE END.

THE SHRINE—By *T. Moore, Esq.*

To ——

My fates had destin'd me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love,
And many an altar on my way
Had lur'd my pious steps to stay:
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sang my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require;
To pass, nor tell a single bead
With them would be *profane indeed!*
But, trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, every *humbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd the SHRINE as last.

The celebrated lady Harrington was more remarkable for her love of play than her love of virtue. George Colman wrote the following epigram upon this eccentric lady:

What though I hold of trumps a flush,
And boast a friend in Pam?
Yet I can own without a blush,
That I the loser am.

Alas! this happens every day,
And is each night renew'd:
For who with Harrington can play
And fail of being *Loo'd.*

The character of a noted political trimmer and changeable demagogue, of this city, is happily and exactly hit off in the following lines:

O thou, whom all the zephyrs court,
Who lov'st with every breeze to play,
Changing,
Ranging,
Whirling,
Twirling,
Veering a thousand times a day.

A very general apprehension begins at length to prevail throughout the kingdom on the subject of the invasion; namely, the *apprehension* that it will *not take place.* *Lon. pap.*

The Lord's Supper; a Sketch, by B. WEST, R. A.....This is the original design of the great picture in the Collegiate Church, Windsor, and is in itself a most admirable production. We have often had occasion to observe of Mr. West's sketches, that they are in general superior to his finished pictures, and perhaps in no one instance was the observation more true than in that before us. As a composition it is a perfect study, which, any attempt to finish, would have robbed of its chief excellence, namely its masterly freedom of outline. [*Lon. pap.*

LINES WRITTEN ON A HERMITAGE, IN NITHSDALE.

[From vol. ii. of Burns' Works.]

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole
Grave these maxims on thy soul.
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost:
Hope not sunshine every hour:
Fear not clouds will ever lour
Happiness is but a name;
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor gleam;
Fame an idle, restless dream,
Peace, the tenderest flower of spring;
Pleasures, insects on the wing.
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower
For the future be prepar'd,
Guard, wherever thou canst guard;
But, thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air
Make their *consequence* thy care;
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonor not thy kind,
Reverence with lowly heart,
Him, whose wond'rous work thou art.
Keep his goodness still in view,
Thy trust and thy example too
Stranger, go! heaven be thy guide
Quoth the Beadsman of Nith-side.

The English ladies are informed, by a perfumer, that the much esteemed composition, first compounded for the use of the unfortunate Antoniette, and only used by her during her reign, now stands totally unrivalled in its power of removing superfluous hairs, without the least disagreeable sensation, and leaves the skin clear and white, and free from those blemishes on nature's work. It seems that, by the art of perfumers, painters, &c. a woman can now make and unmake herself at pleasure, and

'Seated on a three legg'd chair,
Take off her artificial hair,
Or, picking out a chrystal eye,
May wipe it clean, and lay it by.'

.....In the present age we should scarcely dream that a serious advertisement like the following, should appear in the Morning Chronicle. 'Mrs. Williams, *who formerly studied astrology*, is returned to town, and vends her Batavian tincture for nervous disorders, &c.' This lady, like the Sidrophel of Butler, if thus skilled in the science of the stars, can easily

'Cure warts and corns by application
Of med'cines to the imagination,
Know whatsoever's to be known,
But much more than she knows, can own,
What medicine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us,
When men may eat and drink their fill
And then be temperate if they will,
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy and spice.'

Most men are governed by custom or authority, not one in ten thousand thinks for himself; and those few who have courage enough to reject the force of either, dare not act up to their freedom, for fear of incurring the censure of singularity.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.
*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

Lines written after the departure of T. MOORE, Esq. from Philadelphia.

How oft have I seen, at the first blush of morning,
The wretch, to whose eye-lids repose were a treasure,
Turn, sad, on his pillow, and snatch a short slumber,
As fancy, the while, wove her visions of pleasure.

And then in his light-dreams, all fleeting as showers,
That kiss the new grass, in the morning of spring,
His fair one would smile, as he sigh'd all his passion
And, blushing, receive from his fingers the ring.

At a moment like this, the bright vision would vanish!
In vain would he woo the soft god back again,
The dream of his fancy had gone, and he sigh'd
That pleasure should fly from the footsteps of pain.

Thus to me, youthful stranger! (whom fate has permitted,
To charm us, from friends and from country to roam,)
Thyself wert the vision, that flitted before me,
That stole to my bosom, and made it a home.

But the rainbow of evening can linger not long,
Its mellow tints fade, and we watch it in vain,
And the rose bud, that blooms in the morning of May,
Soon loses its sweets—but its thorns still remain.

And yet, if kind mem'ry be doom'd to revive
In me the impressions, affection has wore,
I shall woo her to visit me oft, for I know
She will shew in, my day-dreams, the image of MOORE.

JAQUES.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

[While our right witty, and dearly beloved, the TRANSLATOR of ANACREON, was delighting a festive group with sentiment and song, the following complimentary verses, written for the occasion, were sung by one of our sweetest minstrels. The company was indebted for the composition to our entertainer, a gentleman of this city, whose wit is as bright as his wine, and whose powers of entertainment are not confined to the banquet he spreads.]

SONG.

As Jove in good humour was taking his glass,
And lounging at ease, in his vast wicker chair;
His cronies delighted the red goblet pass,
And music and merriment ring through the air.

While jesting and laughter and song were in turn,
And all strove to heighten the general mirth;
Jove bellow'd aloud—'What is that I discern?'
And instantly added—'Why *there goes the earth.*'

All ran to the window to see us glide by;—
Then seated again, the chat fell upon men—
Momus talk'd of the days, when Joy liv'd in the eye,
And said we should never see such days again.

'And why may they not?' jolly Bacchus replied,
'Let Jupiter send them ANACREON down;
His name is remember'd with honor and pride,
His presence will give to the world new renown.

The Gods all agree—'tis an excellent thought,
And second the motion, by Bacchus thus made;
But Jupiter set their opinions at nought
And thus the great King of the Gods gravely said.

'I love well these mortals, though sometimes they err,
And blessings abundant upon them will pour;
The promise thus made, not an instant defer,
You ask for ANACREON, but I will give MOORE.

—

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

[The ensuing stanzas are a *second* specimen of Mr. MOORE's talents for the *terrible*.]

## REUBEN AND ROSE,

A Tale of Romance,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

The darkness, which hung upon Willumberg's walls,
Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
For years, not a sunbeam has play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd, as shut out from the regions of day!

Though the vallies were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illume;
And the lightning which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

'Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?'
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave;
'It ne'er can dispel,' said the wizard of verse,
'Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the age!
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle forever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—'And tell me, oh! tell,
Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my eyes?'
'Yes, yes,—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!'

Twice, thrice he repeated 'Your Reuben shall rise,'
And Rose felt a moment's relief from her pain;
She wip'd, while she listen'd, the tear from her eyes,
And hop'd she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.

How strangely the order of destiny falls!
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the day.

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When hark! 'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold?
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;
'Twas Reuben, but ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah! never!
Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

—

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

MR. EDITOR!

Happening some time ago to take up a French book of the *Old School*, entitled, Le Comte de Valmont, ou les Egaremens de la Raison, I came to the enclosed verses, which appear to me, to be so applicable to a certain great Philosopher of this country, that I could not resist the temptation of enclosing a copy of them to you for your inspection. If you can obtain a liberal translation of them, or think them worthy of publication, such as they are, you will oblige

A Disciple of the Old School.

Philosophe! il s'en donne le nom,
Comme tous ces Messieurs, qui fiers de leur raison,
Se croyant appelés à reformer la terre,
A tous les préjugés ont declaré la guerre.
Petits pedans obscurs qui pensent à la fois
Eclairer l'univers et régenter les rois;
Fanatiques d'orgeil, dont la folle manie
Est de se croire un droit exclusif an génie;
Flatteurs en affichant le mépris des grandeurs;
De tout ce qu'on revêr audacieux frondeurs;
Pleins de credulité pour des faits ridicules,*
Et sur tout autre objet sottement incrédules;
Pensant que rien n'échappe à leurs yeux pénétrans;
Prechant la tolérance, et très intolérans;
Qui sur un tribunal érigé par eux mêmes,
Jugent tous les talens, en arbitres suprêmes;
De quiconque les flatte orgueilleux protecteurs:
De quiconque les brave ardens persecuteurs:
Enfin du monde entier s'arrogeant les hommages,
Pour avoir usurpé la qualité de sages.

* Witness the Salt Mountain.

—

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

EPIGRAMMA M. ANT. FLAMINII.

Vidisti nitidas per candida lilia guttas
Ludere, cum tenui decidit imber aqua?
Et rorem de puniceis stillare rosetis,
Cum spirat nascens frigora blanda dies?
Hoc facies, hoc est Ligurinæ flentis imago,
Illius lachrymis me ferus urit amor.

IMITATION.

Hast thou not seen, as fell the vernal shower,
The glistening drops down some fair lily pour!
Or the clear dews just trickling down the thorn.
What time cool breezes blew, the breath of morn?
When Ligurina weeps so bright, so clear,
Steals from her pensive eye the pearly tear,
And as adown her lovely cheek it flows
With Cupid's fiercest flame my bosom glows!

A. S.

## SELECTED POETRY.

### ELEGANT EXTRACT FROM THE LATIN OF CARDINAL BEMBO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As you devote a portion of the Port Folio to 'Selected Poetry,' permit me to recommend the following Verses to your attention. POLITIAN has left an unfinished Monody on the death of his friend and patron, Lorenzo de Medeci. It was the belief of the day that Politian died in the actual composition of this monody. The celebrated Cardinal Bembo taking advantage of this circumstance, in the following elegiac lines represents Politian as 'attempting, by the power of music, to revoke the fatal decree which had deprived him of his friend.' The whole elegy presents to the mind, with uncommon accuracy, a complete and entire picture, which the pencil might easily delineate. The original is in Latin. the translation by Roscoe.

Whilst, borne in sable state, LORENZO's bier,
The tyrant death, his proudest triumph brings
He mark'd a bard in agony severe,
Smote with delirious hand the sounding strings.

He stopp'd—he gaz'd—the storm of passion rag'd
And prayers with tears were mingled, tears with grief;
For lost LORENZO, war with fate he wag'd,
And every God was call'd to bring relief.

The tyrant smil'd—and, mindful of the hour
When from the shades his consort Orpheus led,
'Rebellious too woulds't thou usurp my power,
And burst the chain, that binds the captive dead.'

He spoke! and speaking, launch'd the shaft of fate,
And clos'd the lips that glow'd with sacred fire;
His timeless doom 'twas thus POLITIAN met,
POLITIAN, master of th' Ausonian lyre.

—

### EPIGRAM.

[The following Epigram from the 'Reporter,' is in the pointed style of the classic Anthologia.]

Once, at a masquerade, a painted fair
Was wand'ring o'er the rooms in piteous case:
'I've lost my mask,' she cry'd with mournful air:
'No!' said a friend—'you have it on your face.'

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.